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Dear Tim,

The enclosed tapes are from Dr. Alan Miller of Falcon Press in Phoenix. He sent them to you at your old, obsolete PO Box and they were returned, so he sent them to me to forward to you.

Miller is a former therapist (first Jungian, then Reichian) and now seems to run two other businesses besides Falcon Press. He writes funny letters and pays promptly. He also wants you to write an introduction to one of his forthcoming books.

Arlen and I are off to Ireland tomorrow. We'll probably stay there six months to a year, depending on what happens to the universe in general and our universe in particular. I will be writing another novel for Tarcher while we're there and will probably "do" a book on Joyce, too -- Finnegans Wake as neuro-archeology is the general theme.

We'll be spending our first week at a guest-house facing Phoenix Park -- the Scene of ~~the~~ the Crime in FW. Since I have spent so much time in that book, finding the environs of the book all around me is bound to be a weird experience and most bemusing...

Hope to see you in August.

Live long and prosper,

Bob W

Enclosed caricature of ~~me~~ me was done at Libertarian convention in Central City last year. The mysterious object in my right hand is, if I recollect, a can of Rainier ale. I think I was speaking about Wilson's Laws of Chaos, Discord, Bureaucracy and Confusion.

rest of the experience. What is serious, classical, and terribly important is at root nothing but play; it doesn't have to happen; it needn't go on; life is not indebted to anyone. But, though under the influence of a drug, I realize that this is what the record really is; my "sober" companions see the same meaning in it and confirm all my impressions. (You listen to those records too.)

Next, I was looking at a non-objective painting and projecting images into it--an airplane view of Manhattan, my own face, a cam-shaft made of transparent cubes, all seen in vivid, photographic reality. Again, I point these out to Mary Jane and my host, and they confirm it: Yes, the painting could very well be seen that way. My host even makes a more elaborate description of the face in the picture.

I guess it must have been about 12.30 by now. I was lying on my back on a divan, looking at the ceiling, which is made of rather thin slats of wood, beautifully grained. Again, I was projecting figures into the grain patterns and asking Mary Jane if she could see them too. Yes, she could follow me so long as the projected figures were contained within a single slat, so long as the natural grain-pattern was continuous. But then I pointed out images running across several slats--vague limb and body-like forms. These had the curious effect of making the ceiling appear to be transparent. One could look right through the socially real grain to a higher order of pattern. The higher pattern "captured" the lower, including it without destroying it.

Thereupon I was somehow plunged immediately into the most vivid cosmic-consciousness experience I have ever had. It was so marvellous that I called everyone to come into the room. "I've got to explain this to you," I said, "but there's no reason why you have to understand. You're all divine, you're all Buddhas just as you are without having to know what I'm talking about. But the point is that life is a gesture--a gesture of motion, of color, of sound--and there isn't anyone making the gesture or to whom or for whom it is happening. There is simply no problem of life; it is absolutely purposeless play; it doesn't have to continue; there is no reason whatever to explain it, for explanations are just another form of complexity, a new manifestation of life on top of life, gestures gesturing. If there is any problem at all it is to find out how people come to think there is a problem, whatever made them imagine that life is serious. Basically there is the gesture. Time, space, multiplicity are all complications of it. Pain and suffering are very far-out forms of play, and there just isn't anything at all to be afraid of. There isn't any ego. The ego is a kind of flip, knowing that you know--like being afraid of being afraid. It's a curley-cue, an extra jazz to things, a sort of double-take or reverberation, a dithering of consciousness which is the same as anxiety."

I don't know if I can say anything more about this

experience. I realized at the time that I had made it perfectly clear in my books, and was only amazed that I didn't always understand what I was saying. But I saw that I didn't need any answer to the mystery of life because there is no question. I saw that the state of consciousness in which I was could, like the projected pattern in the ceiling, capture and include all other states. I felt almost identical with Mary-Jane, and remember saying that what people call the difference between us is about 65 steps down in the order of complexity!

I spent the rest of the day just living in the glow of this experience. The surrounding world looked much more "natural" than with LSD or even mescaline; there was no distortion of any kind. But the world and people were just incomparably beautiful. We sat in the garden, drinking wine and eating home-made bread. It tasted vaguely mushroomy, and my friends thought I smelled a little of mushroom. I found it easier to relate to people than with LSD, and to be very open and honest. As the sun went down the garden began to be chilly, and it was suggested that we go indoors. I felt a bit regretful. It was so lovely out on the terrace that I thought I might feel depressed inside. But no; we went in and everything was just as delightful there. By this time, direct effects were wearing off. But even now, some 24 hours later, the fundamental tranquillity remains. I still understand the basic principle of my "vision." It is quite lucidly explained in the last sections of Wittgenstein's Tractatus! But I wonder if he knew what he was saying. // and delta

Under separate cover I'm sending you my LSD tapes. I didn't have a recorder for this session, but if you would be so kind as to send me a further supply of this beneficent magic I'll very gladly make a tape for you.

Very many thanks indeed, and best wishes from us both--

Yours,

Alan.